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Descriptive Paragraph, Draft 2

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Brutal Memories

One of stories was spoken by my grandfather’s solemn and dismal voice from his bitter memories which he experienced in Korean War at 1950 and which were the painful wound in his mind. I squatted down in front of him and pricked up my ears not to miss his words. One cold wintry night, this ferocious memory about Korean War was emblazoned in my mind.

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One clam Sunday, he heard some strange and bizarre sounds early in the tranquil morning. This resonant sound was big like bombs. After 10 minutes, the siren suddenly sounded in the city, so his family immediately evacuated to the south direction, the safest shelter with other citizens. These flee to Busan which is the southernmost port city in Korea had constantly continued during 15 days. Even though they walked the endless and boundless distances, they could not stop because of cannon ball with a thundering noise. After the lapse of time, they were in the terrible and dreadful situations; he got a blister on his foot. Moreover, to make things worse, his family was parched with thirst because they were in a tearing hurry when they got out of their house, they didn’t bring anything to eat or drink. Hence, his sons, one by one, fell down on a desolate wasteland. Until his boys recovered consciousness, they hid in the area of dense woodland. He ardently hoped that this situation would be dream, but despite his desire, many refugees were dead during the evacuation. On his way, there are many dead on the road, and these stank to high heaven. He and his family trembled with fear. In the end, unlike most people who died on the way they fortunately arrived in Busan.

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At this very moment of that this story ended, his eyes were filled with tears. This war gave him inexpugnable experience. Although I just heard this memory about Korean War, I realized once more from his voice and many wrinkles in his face how this war is hazardous and inhuman and the importance of peace. After 10 years, I still remember one of his words graven on my memory “*anything could not erase the horrible memory of war*”.